

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



ROSADA'S INTRODUCTION TO DOÑA CONSTANZA.

THE HOUSE OF DE VALDEZ.

CHAPTER XIII.—A JOURNEY IN TOO GOOD COMPANY.

THERE was a great difference of opinion among a small population, when Doña Constanza's letter was made public in the back room of the Casa de Valdez. Every member of the family marvelled, on distinct and special grounds, that he or she had not been the individual invited to Toledo. Doña Natella thought her own relation might have remembered that she was the nearest in blood, and had been a beauty of

whom all the family was proud. Don Bernardo was astonished to his Valencia stockings that the doña could pass over a gentleman like himself, the only senior of his house, and the one best skilled in its pedigree; and Don Enrique averred that it was rather her duty to adopt and bestow her name on him, and thus ensure the continuance of the Fonseca line. Jacinta alone rejoiced that the child of her crazy affection had been selected, though it was not without wondering that herself had not been included in the invitation in right of her office as duenna;

"but may be," said the unwashed lady in sackcloth, "I am no great ornament for a fine house, and all the world knows those Castilians are made of pride and vanity."

At any rate the doña's choice had fallen on Rosada, and—what domestic circle does not vibrate to what is called the turning of fortune's wheel?—her merits and qualifications rose accordingly in household esteem. The convent was no longer a necessary retreat for her. At his next interview Don Enrique informed the abbess of St. Elvira, with prudent haughtiness, that for the present he would waive his sister's claim to reception, as he had some doubts of her vocation for a religious life, and thought it more advisable to place her under the guardianship of his noble relative in Toledo. After that blast of the trumpet, Don Enrique repeated so often to his coffee-house acquaintances a tale of Rosada being chosen and appointed Doña Constanza's heiress, that he came at length to believe it himself, and pride of his beautiful sister rekindled in his breast once more. In her best clothes, the same which Jacinta had amazed the clothier by purchasing for her to appear at the shepherd's feast, he escorted Rosada to the Alameda, the mass, and the play. The beauty which had scarcely been observed under Jacinta's duennaship and Jacinta's old mantilla, created a great sensation when the young señora appeared in Cordovan silk, escorted by a young caballero whose cloak, sword, and bearing were in the best Andalusian style. The gallants paid her compliments in prose and verse, (who cannot write verses in the rhythmical Spanish?) the ladies criticised and found several causes for hating her, and Antonio Diaz took every occasion to look out of his warehouse when she passed, and once told her, though it was with a woeful look, how much he rejoiced at her promotion.

So things went on till the reverend Mother Florencia made her solemn entry into Cordova. It was a great day in the city; the arrival of pilgrim trains was reckoned among its sights in those days, and the reverend mother's was known to be one of the richest, as besides gifts from her own convent, she brought offerings from wealthy devotees and penitents in Toledo. The populace assembled in street and plaza, the señors and señoras sat in porches and balconies; the monks of St. Ferdinand went out to meet her in grand procession, followed by all the beggars of the city. They were by no means few, and great was their haste to be in at the arrival, for alms-giving was the expected duty of pilgrims. At length the train appeared, and wound through the crowded streets to its resting-place in the monastery. A long line of mule litters, draped in what our ancestors called sad-colour, brownish grey, contained the reverend prioress, together with the nuns and lay sisters permitted to accompany her pilgrimage: there was none of them under sixty years, and all wore the black habit of their order. The litters were preceded by a body of halberdiers, the penitent soldiers mentioned by Father Crispino, every man besides his arms carrying a lighted candle in the noonday sun, and chanting his part of a penitential psalm, and the rear was brought up by a devout and remarkably dirty rabble out of the lowest purlieus of the town. When that pageant had gone by; when the populace had left the streets and crowded round the monastery; when the señors and señoras

who could claim such a privilege had been admitted to the chapel of St. Ferdinand, to see the pilgrims present their offerings at his shrine; when they had all gone home, much edified by the devotion of Catalina Diaz, which was allowed to equal at least that of the reverend prioress and her nuns; and when the pilgrim train had rested for the night, and another day had risen on it and on Cordova—Rosada, accompanied by her ancient and uncommon duenna, as the most fitting escort on such an occasion, paid her respects according to Spanish etiquette to Mother Florencia.

In the guest-quarter, or outer division of the great monastery of St. Ferdinand, which was then like a small town in extent, and like a palace for wealth and splendour, though now little better than a vast ruin, in a chamber hung with rich tapestry and set round with silent nuns, Rosada was received by a pale, stern-looking woman, in a gown of black serge, with a leather girdle from which hung a rosary and crucifix of ebony, a linen coif, a black hood, and a long black veil. That woman was nevertheless accustomed to power and command. She sat on a chair of state. All visitors were expected to kneel for her blessing before they uttered a word, and nuns and lay sisters alike served her on all occasions. Rosada knelt and received her blessing in Latin, then paid her duty, as it was called, by inquiring after the reverend mother's health, requesting to be remembered in her prayers, and also asking for leave to travel under her sacred protection to Toledo, at the same time stating her name and destination. Jacinta, then, having knelt and been blest, was supplementing with what she thought requisite particulars, when the reverend mother stopped her with, "Your requests are granted, go, and avoid sin;" and made a sign to a lay sister, who conducted them to an outer room, gave them a list of things to purchase for the journey, together with a purse well filled with ducats, and dismissed them with as few words as her superior.

The purchases were made, and so were all necessary preparations. Such an amount of money Rosada had never before seen, much less had in her possession. All the family got a share of her little fortune in the shape of presents, most of them needful things. She wanted to buy Jacinta a new gown, and some Seville soap, but that flower of duennas declared that nothing of the kind was of any use to her, and the purchase had to be postponed *sine die*. In the meantime the household had a great concern on their minds regarding the maid that should accompany the daughter of De Valdez. Doña Natella thought she should be pretty, to match Rosada; Jacinta insisted she ought to be plain, as one pretty girl was enough for any duenna to take care of; but Don Bernardo, having found out that no one but born gentlewomen were allowed to wait on the ladies of the De Valdez line, announced his intention of going out some evening after dark, the only hour that suited his costume, to inquire after a proper attendant, and himself investigate her pedigree. Before he put that design in execution, Father Crispino took an opportunity, when Rosada brought him his supper in that same upper room where she had sat and wept in prospect of the convent, to tell her how he had arranged that her friend Gulinda should go with her to Toledo, and induced Elasco and Pedrina to part with their daughter for a time. Rosada was overjoyed at the intelligence. The shepherd's daughter was the only friend or com-

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panion she ever had, the one acquaintance of her own age who knew and could enter into the romance of her young life, with whom she could talk of Count Eduro. And where is the young heart that does not require a confidante? Be it remembered that the Spanish señorita's waiting-maid was always such—the companion of her hours at home and her walks abroad, the repository of her secrets, her resource and assistant against the bondage of etiquette and the jealous vigilance of the duenna. Moreover, terror had taken hold on Rosada's mind at the sight of the ladies with whom she was appointed to travel. It had been her lot to live with odd people, but they were not like the sisters of St. Angelica after all, and among them her friend's company would be doubly welcome. Don Bernardo got up in arms because Gulinda was not a born gentlewoman, and had no pedigree that he could make out. Don Enrique, doubtless in remembrance of the face that laughed at him from behind the friar's skirts when he rose dripping from the stream, said it was lifting the girl above her station. The most gallant caballero can be spiteful when disappointed, as they say the don's namesake Henri Quatre was. But Father Crispino, the all-powerful secretary of Doña Constanza, the mover and manager of the whole business, had arranged that Gulinda should go, and his arrangement might not be gainsayed.

The pilgrims from St. Angelica finished their devotions in due time. A message from the guests' quarter of the monastery warned Rosada and her family that she should be ready to set out with them on the following day. Elasco and his wife had come down to Cordova, bringing Gulinda with them, ostensibly to take leave of her friend, that nobody on the mountains might suspect the real state of the case till she was gone. But the prudent pair had prepared everything for her journey, and when they asked her if she would go with Rosada to New Castile, far out of the way of Pedro Perez, the girl at once consented, for her more timid nature clung to and trusted in the daughter of De Valdez as in an elder sister. Nevertheless, when the hour came at last, Gulinda wept so sore at parting from her father and mother, the only parents she knew, throwing her arms first round Pedrina's, and then round Elasco's neck, watering their breasts with her tears, but never uttering a word, that the kindly pair would have taken her home again but for Father Crispino, who whispered something to her which sounded like a strange tongue, and then Gulinda, though still weeping, said she would go to Toledo. They were standing apart in the outer patio of the Casa de Valdez, and the shepherd looked the Capuchin steadily in the face.

"Father," he said, "there is only one eye that can read the thoughts and intents of man's heart. I know not altogether what yours may be regarding this child—and, to speak plainly, you have some strange ways and doings which I cannot understand; but I have seen no evil in you. I know that there is danger to be looked for in Pedro Perez, and you have pledged your faith that no harm will come to her in this adventure. I charge that promise upon your conscience, as a bond if broken to be answered for at the great day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and priest, friar, and layman shall stand on one level."

"I accept the charge, good Elasco," said the Capuchin, without moving a muscle or changing his quiet tone; "let your daughter go without fear, for

no harm shall come to her, I pledge you my faith and my life."

Rosada had a different leave-taking of her kindred. Her latest preparations for departure had been somewhat trenched on by the requisitions of the don and the doña to get something done for them in Toledo. Her brother took the last opportunity to insist on being remembered to her patroness, with a kind message that he was ready at any moment to take the name and arms of Fonseca, and would be of real service in the great house as gentleman superintendent of affairs in general. Rosada did not weep at parting from her dashing brother, whose affection was governed by prospects and advantages. The girl was over true-hearted for that; but the tears came into her beautiful eyes when taking leave of her odd old uncle and aunt, with their separate crotchets and dilapidated raiment, for she had found them always the same; and when Jacinta threw her skinny and unwashed arms about the fair girl's neck and cried, "Oh, my child, my child; how can I part with you?" Rosada's resolution fairly gave way. She clung to the old woman, weeping as bitterly as her friend; and well she might, for in that withered breast the orphan of De Valdez had found the truest love and the kindest care that ever her life had known, or perhaps would ever know.

"Don't grieve, my own good girl, it's all for the best," said Jacinta, as her tears fell like a shower on Rosada's shining hair; "don't forget poor Jacinta, that is all I ask, though it is hard to expect you would do anything but forget me among the fine people in Castile; and maybe I am no great pleasure to remember, but my heart misgives me that I am parting with you for ever, as I parted with your father; though they made me believe it would be otherwise. Oh, that Capuchin!"

Rosada looked round for the friar, but Father Crispino was not there. "It is one of Jacinta's odd ways," she thought; but the circumstance checked the outburst of her sorrow, and enabled the girl to recover her self-possession. As they all passed out of the gate, she saw Antonio Diaz waiting in the street. The merchant looked grave and collected as usual. He offered her his hand, which Rosada shook warmly, though it was not customary for Spanish ladies to shake hands except with their nearest relations, and Antonio wished her health and happiness in a firm voice, and looked after her to the top of the street. There a mule litter, with a lay sister in it, awaited the two girls who were to travel under her special care. Gulinda crept in, still weeping, and hid her face in a corner. Rosada seated herself, and looked back with dim eyes at the old Casa de Valdez. A dreary abode it had been, but her early home nevertheless, and she was leaving it for the first time, a trying and memorable event in most lives; and the last scene she beheld at its gate was Father Crispino with his hand stretched out, as if bestowing his benediction on the travellers, and Jacinta at the opposite side showering threats and abuse on him. A little farther, and the litter fell into the line which the brothers of St. Ferdinand escorted out of the town with all monastic honours, the same chanting halberdiers leading the van, and the same devout rabble bringing up the rear. By-and-by the northern gate of Cordova was passed, the monks exchanged benedictions with the prioress and returned to their monastery, the following gradually diminished, so did the city spires, and the caravan wound

slowly up the mountain road leading over the Sierra to Jaen and the Castiles, a wild and lonely track, winding through wide moorlands, along the bank of many a torrent, and through the green depths of many a wooded glen. The villages by which it passed were few and far between; towns there were none, and not many ventas, but it was the highway of commerce, pilgrimage, and all sorts of travellers passing from Cordova to the northern provinces. The journey is not an exhilarating one to this day. He who takes it turns his back on bright and blooming Andalusia, and goes forward to the high and bare lands of central Spain, where the winter freezes and the summer burns up vegetation, and every league, except where the road descends into those green glens nestling in the bosom of the great Sierra, and made lovely by its never-failing streams, makes the landscape before him more dreary and desolate.

There are, indeed, and there were then, caravans to be met with at every stage of the journey. The jingle of the mule bell and the song of the muleteer occasionally broke the silence of the hills, and travellers from different quarters waited for each other's approach and exchanged civilities and news. There was life to be seen in the villages and at the ventas, rustic and homely enough, but active nevertheless, and checkered with all the varieties of provincial manners and costume, as well as those of character and class. But travelling with the ladies of perpetual meditation, homeward bound, was not the most likely way for two young girls to share in the amenities of the journey. The pilgrim train of Mother Florencia, when approaching a venta, was stayed till one of the halberdiers had ascertained that it was cleared for the reception of the sacred guests, by all lay travellers being removed to another lodging, if there were any, and if there were not, being turned out to refresh themselves on the mountain side, as best they could, as the reverend prioress carried official letters from all the alcaldes in her track for that purpose. Moreover, the venta was judiciously eschewed if any monastic establishment were known to be within range. There were such holy houses here and there on the slopes and in the valleys of the Sierra, mostly inhabited by monks, but few of them with rules so strict as not to afford shelter in their guest-quarters to a train of pilgrim nuns. In the cleared ventas and guest-rooms of the monasteries there was no life for the young travellers to see but that of the black hoods and veils; silence was a large item in the account of duties kept by the sisters of St. Angelica.

How matters went in the rest of the litters the poor girls knew not, but the lay sister Ignacia, in whose company they travelled, either considered it necessary to maintain the sanctity of her order by extra taciturnity, or seemed to be particularly engaged in private meditation. She was a dame about sixty, with a hard face and a wiry frame. When either of the girls ventured to speak to her, sister Ignacia's replies were brief and of a piously rebuking kind; when they attempted to converse with each other for more than ten minutes, though it was in a whisper, she gave them glances of still sharper reproof, and generally read to them some appropriate portion of her missal. They were under the care of this watchful lady night and day. She looked well after them and their belongings, waking and sleeping. No two damsels were ever better watched and governed while the drill lasted; and no

one damsel was ever more afraid, heart-sick, and weary, than was poor Gulinda of sister Ignacia's sway. The shy and timid yet lively mountain girl, fresh from the free life of San Juan de Roca, the open pastures, the cheerful home, and the frequented venta, would have pined away under her devout rule in a month; the more thoughtful Rosada, accustomed as she had been to a gloomy household and a sad background of memory, stood the ordeal better; but it turned up in her worst dreams long after, and that journey was always mingled with the convent of St. Elvira.

Time went on, however, and so did the pilgrim caravan, slowly but steadily, and favoured with the best of weather, as travellers who cross the Sierra Morena in the summer time generally are. It was a three weeks' journey, according to the reckoning of that age, between Cordova and Toledo. The reverend Mother Florencia and her train took rather more time, as they kept three fasts and two saints' days with great solemnity in the course of it, besides hearing mass at every convent in their track, and doing homage to all the relics those sacred houses could boast. The two young travellers agreed they had never seen so much devotion, nor so much of the world either, as they looked out all the day, each through her own particular slit in the litter curtains. Gulinda noticed how the southern palms disappeared as they climbed the mountain ridge and bore northward. She whispered to her companion that they had passed the most ancient limit of Andalusia now, for Father Crispano had told her that would be the sign. Then they passed through the mountain town of Alcala la Real, not the city of the famous university which lies far north of their way, but an ancient stronghold and place of look-out against the Moors, built when all the south of Spain was Moorish ground, with ancient fortifications, steep streets, and a beacon tower to light captives escaping from the Moslem back to Christian territory. They wound down the northern side of the Sierra, passed through the last of its deep defiles, where Moor and Spaniard had contended many a day, the one to gain and the other to keep the Castiles. They crossed the flat corn-growing land of La Mancha, which artists have pronounced the least interesting part of Spain, dry, dusty, and dull; but even then the treeless, trackless plains, the poor villages, and numerous windmills of the province, had a charm for natives and strangers which they have never yet lost, for the genius of Cervantes had made them famous by the adventures of his unrivalled knight and squire. At last the mountain chain known as the Sierra de Toledo rose before them; they entered the valley of the Tagus at its base, and soon after caught the first sight of Spain's ancient capital, the grand, imperial Toledo, crowning a rocky ridge almost girdled by the river, with all its spires and towers overtopped by the great square keep of the Alcazar, a royal palace then of nearly a thousand years' standing, and successively the residence of Gothic, Moorish, and Spanish kings.

The heart of Spain and the crown of the Castiles, as Toledo was called by a native poet, has experienced decay and diminution like all the other towns of the Peninsula, yet less than most of them, owing to its ancient and substantial masonry. "Built on a rock, and like a rock," is still a true description of the old historic city of which Don Roderic was the last Gothic king, and the Cid the first Christian alcalde; where

councils of the Spanish church were held before the Roman pontiff had attained either spiritual or temporal supremacy, and the contest between the Gothic and the Latin liturgy was decided by the ordeal of fire. At the time of our tale, Toledo was no longer the abode of the Spanish court; it had flitted away in the preceding century, first to Valladolid, and then to Madrid; but a power greater than king or court kept state within its walls; it was the high place and stronghold of the church. The Cardinal Archbishop, Primate of all Spain, had his palace and cathedral there; the famous monastery (San Juan) of the kings, where royalty found its last resting-place, and princes had put on the cord and cowl of St. Francis, still led the van of its well-provided army of monks and nuns; and the university of Toledo was not only the most orthodox, but the best endowed establishment for learning in the land. Moreover the city had a fame for temporal as well as spiritual armour; its sword-blades were yet to western warriors what those of Damascus had been to the men of the East; and thus, supported by the clergy and the military, the two bodies who divided between themselves the wealth and the power of Spain, its inhabitants could afford to look down, as they decidedly did, on the upstart and empty pretensions of the modern capital.

It was still the habitation of some of the wealthiest families of New and Old Castile—houses too lofty of lineage, and too well furnished with fortune, to stoop to the intrigues and rivalries of the fourth Philip's court, where mushroom families might be preferred before them. Their ancestral mansions, some of the Gothic, some of the Moorish build—for the city bore witness to its different masters—rose on every hand, interspersed with churches and convents, factories and warehouses, threaded by the steep and crooked streets, too narrow for wheel carriages, and therefore so silent that, according to Cervantes, the stillness struck the stranger's ear, except on high holidays when processions turned out of the monasteries, and the townspeople turned out to see them. The merchants of Toledo were known to be the richest in Spain. They had been all Jews once, but nobody called himself a Jew at the time of which we speak. The productions of its workshops were bought and sold throughout Europe, yet the mule and the muleteer carried all its traffic with the northern and southern provinces, and the skiff of some poor fisherman was the only barque seen upon the solitary river which had girdled its walls for ages, watering the green cultivated valley around, and flowing away through a pathless and unpeopled wilderness till it reached the western end of Portugal, and fell into Lisbon Bay.

Such is still the scene and the story of the Tagus on its way about and from Toledo; but when our young travellers from the south saw it for the first time, it seemed to them a sad and sombre stream, unlike the Guadalquivir, with palm-trees and olive-groves upon its banks, and laden boats and gay barges on its waters; and all the dry, bare, dusty land of Castile, and all its sinewy, sober-looking people, seemed to their eyes stern and strange, compared with the lovely landscapes and lively faces of Andalusia. The convent of St. Angelica stood in the valley, about half a league below the town, its wall of enclosure being almost washed by the Tagus. Sister Ignacia had relaxed so far as to point out the building to them, its lonely situation making it a remarkable

object to those who approached Toledo by that way, and she was proceeding with an account of the noble and notable ladies who had professed there, when they observed a mule litter, more handsomely draped than any in the reverend mother's train, but quite as soberly, preceded by a footman in equally sober livery, and armed, as Castilian footmen generally were, with a stout staff. The footman exchanged some words with the leader of the halberdiers; he communicated with the conductor of the reverend mother's litter, the whole train came to a stand, another lay lady brought a message to Sister Ignacia, and she desired the two girls to step out and follow her. The sister's usually grave carriage became more slow and dignified as she approached the newly arrived litter, the curtains of which were drawn back, and out of it, with the help of the footman, and zealous endeavours not to show her feet (which would have been a signal impropriety in a Castilian gentlewoman of the period), there stepped a lady of the middle age whose limits are so difficult to define; at any rate she was not young, but had the remains of considerable beauty, and the Castilian mantilla of black silk edged with velvet.

"Most honourable Señora Camilla de Mendoza," said Sister Ignacia, with a curtesy which might have served for her Catholic Majesty, "I have the honour to present to you La Señorita Rosada de Fonseca and Gulinda, her waiting gentlewoman, with the blessing of the reverend Mother Florencia, and my own humble prayers for the temporal and spiritual health of your most noble lady."

"Thanks, excellent and pious Sister Ignacia. My lady sends her good wishes and respects to the reverend mother, with this packet," and Señora Camilla placed a small sealed parcel in the lay sister's hand. "Doña Constanza also charged me with her acknowledgments to you. I pray you accept mine also, and believe that I am proud to receive from your discreet and pious care the Señorita Rosada and her waiting gentlewoman, who doubtless have profited much by the opportunity of journeying in such devout and honourable company."

Sister Ignacia dropped another low curtesy, kissed each of the girls on the left cheek, commended them to the care of her patron saint Angelica, and returned to her own litter. Señora Camilla, with the same ceremonious politeness, requested them to enter hers, and took her seat between them; the curtains were closed again, the footman took his place in front, the pilgrim train wended its way to the convent, and the young travellers went on to Toledo.

Scarcely had the litter turned toward, however, when a sudden change came over the manner of their fair conductress. "My dear girls," she said, with a pleasant smile which well became her handsome face and ample but graceful figure, "you must have had a long journey with those good nuns, all the way from Cordova. Ah! that is a delightful city—I was there once in my youth—never saw so fine a bull-fight and such gallant caballeros, my dear señorita," and she turned to Rosada; "you will think our Castilians cold and dull after your gay Andalusia."

"I am sure I shall not," said Rosada. The girl hardly knew what to say, so great was her surprise and delight at the change in Señora Camilla, and Gulinda's face was all over smiles, and her heart cheerful, at the striking contrast between their new and their old escort.

A Castilian by birth, of a good but reduced family, Camilla had been early married to a young officer possessed of nothing but his sword and pay, and accompanied him on many a march, and in many a garrison, as far as military discipline and exigencies allowed; but the husband and wife were parted at last by King Philip's war with France, or rather with Cardinal Richelieu, and the officer fell in the invasion of Picardy, leaving his childless widow entirely unprovided for.

Señora Camilla had not sufficient interest at court to get a pension, and nobody without interest got anything from the Spanish government. She had no jointure to ensure a second marriage without stooping below her rank, which the señora could not or would not do, so she came to Toledo—some said on Father Crispano's recommendation—and, like several other ladies out of employment and provision, got a situation as one of Doña Constanza's gentlewomen. Family and education, besides unimpeachable conduct, were the chief requisitions for a place in that distinguished body, whose number was exactly a score, and whose duties consisted in attending the doña when she appeared in state, within doors or without, executing any trust she thought proper to repose in them, and working three hours every lawful day on the embroidery frame. Though but a new comer, none of the gentle twenty had gained a larger share of Doña Constanza's good graces than the officer's widow. The fact was set down to Father Crispano's influence, but it was rather owing to Señora Camilla's own character. Free from the worst faults of woman in all countries, and especially in Spain—envy, jealousy, and censoriousness—she was easy to manage and amiable to meet. Keen observers might have found out that she had more cunning than conscientiousness, but that was beyond or beneath the doña's notice. Thus the important trust of duennaship to the doña's young cousin from Andalusia (so they called Rosada) was committed to her; and though a safer duenná might have been selected, a more sympathising one could not be found. Señora Camilla had been a beauty in her youth, and something of a coquette, but within the bounds of the strictest propriety, else had there been no admission to her present office; and, being free of envy, she remembered those days, and allowed the same to the rising generation.

"My dears," she said, stopping short in her discourse to the laughing girls as their equipage, at a slow and stately pace, entered Toledo by the Moorish Gate of the Sun, "we are now in the city, and we must behave like prudent señoras. You may draw the curtains a little, and look about you. This is the grandest town in all Spain, that is, except Cordova; but look at nothing too long, and you will remember, my dears, to be very sedate before Doña Constanza. Just do as you see me do; but you are wise girls, and will soon learn the ways of the house. There is the cathedral, there is the cardinal's palace, and here is the Casa de Fonseca."

The mansion thus pointed out was one of the Gothic build, and had been erected by the great family whose name it bore soon after Toledo was taken from the Moors, or about thirty years subsequent to our Norman conquest. It was fashioned like the castles of the period, except that, being in a town, it had neither moat nor drawbridge, and was larger than most of them. Its stone roof was fortified with turret and battlement; its narrow windows looked

like slits in the thick walls, widening inwards and forming deep recesses in every room; and its principal divisions were the hall and bower of our Norman and Saxon ancestors—that is to say, the large public room with smaller apartments opening from it on each side. There was no Moorish patio, with fountains and orange-trees, but a paved courtyard and a Gothic arch for entrance, closed by massive gates of wrought-iron hung on stone pillars, with the armorial shield of the FONSECAS, and all its quarterings sculptured on the arch, and the warder's watch-tower rising above it. It was one of that functionary's duties to apprise the porter of all comers, hence the gates flew open, as if at a magic word, before the mule litter. In the courtyard, which was crowded with poor people, because it was Doña Constanza's alms-giving day, the party alighted; and Señora Camilla, having resumed her official gravity, conducted the girls with fitting ceremony in at the ample porch, across the common hall, up the grand staircase, through the hall of state, and into one of its bowers or side rooms—a chamber with walls, floor, and ceiling all of dark polished oak; curtains of crimson cloth, and a Turkey carpet spread in the deep recess of the window; in which a number of the doña's gentlewomen sat at a frame embroidering a rich altar-cloth for the church of Santa Maria. Here the travellers waited for some minutes till their arrival was announced by a maid in waiting, at a door covered with the crimson curtains. She returned in a few minutes, and informed them that it was Doña Constanza's pleasure to receive them. The curtains were drawn aside, and they followed the señora to an inner room, hung with green damask and richly furnished, though in an antiquated fashion, where, in the recess of a stained-glass window which looked out on the garden of the mansion, stood a lady of the tallest height of woman, and well proportioned, though somewhat thin, with high Roman features (the mould of nobility in the Castiles), a serious dignified look, and perfectly grey hair, the whole set off by a gown and cap of rich black velvet, and a rosary and crucifix of gold set with jewels, so long and large that it reached half-way down the skirt, which according to Spanish etiquette entirely concealed the lady's feet. Taking Rosada by the hand and making a sign to Gulinda to follow, the señora advanced to this stately figure, dropped a low curtsy, which Rosada imitated with a trembling heart, and said, "My noble lady, I have the honour to present to you your noble cousin five times removed, La Señorita Rosada de Fonseca, and also her waiting gentlewoman, La Señorita Gulinda."

The lady had been looking with evident admiration on her young kinswoman during the introduction, and now stepped from the window, while Rosada almost dropped on her knees in a deeper curtsy than before. She folded her in her arms and kissed her on both cheeks, saying, "Welcome to my house and to my heart, my namesake and cousin;" then, stroking down her beautiful hair, she added, "Child, thou art indeed fair to look upon. I scarcely believed the report of thy beauty, yet I see it was less than true. Pray Heaven that thy goodness may equal thy face; yet of that also excellent Father Crispano hath given me a fair account. Welcome, Señorita Gulinda," she continued, extending her hand, which poor Gulinda, all white with fear, approached and kissed with great humility. "Nay," said the doña, descending from her dignity so far as to smile, "thou art more wel-

come than that," and she kissed the shepherd's daughter on the left cheek, at the same time remarking, "Thou art a stranger in this northern land, as thy looks testify; but thou hast nothing to fear. Worthy Señora Camilla," and she took Rosada's hand and placed it in that of the duenna, "to your discreet care I entrust my young kinswoman, and also this good girl; you will teach them both, according to their stations, how to comport themselves in the Castiles, where manners are more observed than in the south; you will also see that their education is completed under the tutelage of Father Tomaso, my household chaplain, and in the meantime you will show them to their apartments, that they may have rest and refreshment after so long a journey." So saying, Doña Constanza waved her hand in the direction of the door, took her seat at an ebony writing-table, and, to the great relief of the two girls, Señora Camilla marshalled them out of her presence, the trio curtsying deeply as they went.

THE PAKEHA MAORIES.

BY AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

NEW ZEALAND has been a British colony for more than a quarter of a century, and contains a British population of nearly a quarter of a million. Before we took formal possession of the island, we were preceded by a class of adventurers known as Pakeha Maories. They derived their name from the fact that, though Englishmen or Pakehas by birth, they had so identified themselves with the native population as to justify the designation by which they were known. Almost all the different elements of society were represented among this strange and heterogeneous class, who were the first pioneers of civilisation in the island. Some of them were sailors who, tempted by the beauty of the climate and the attractions of the dark-eyed daughters of the south, had run away from their ships, and, having once tasted the lotus, lost both the power and the desire to leave the island again. Our criminal population was represented by convicts from the neighbouring colony of Australia, who had completed their period of penal servitude, or, as frequently happened, had contrived to make their escape. It was remarked that, with few exceptions, these convicted felons occupied the same degraded position among savages as among civilised men: their own countrymen refused to associate with them, and the Maories treated them as a servile class. The best of the Pakeha Maories—the men who did most for civilisation and the *prestige* of the British name—were the traders who established themselves in the island with no other guarantee for their safety than their own courage and good conduct, and imparted to the natives their first ideas of the advantages of commerce. But the most singular class of Pakeha Maories were not the adventurous traders, the escaped convicts, or the runaway sailors, but men of an entirely different stamp—men of good birth and liberal education, who preferred a life of rude independence to the restraints of civilised life. It is not difficult to understand the motive by which such men are actuated. Where is the man of intellectual tastes and habits who has not longed at times to escape from the roar and tumult of over-crowded cities, from the conventional trammels of society, from the dull monotony of everyday existence, and

to plunge into the primeval forests, where he may hold converse with nature, undisturbed by the clang of civilisation? With some men this passion becomes irresistible: the poet-laureate himself, with the wreath fresh on his brow, has expressed this desire:—

"Ah, for some retreat

Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat.
There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than in this march
of mind,

In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake
mankind.

There the passions, cramp'd no longer, shall have scope and
breathing-place.

I will take some savage woman, who shall rear my dusky race.
Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the beard, and hurl their lances in the
sun,

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the
brooks,

Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books."

Many men, some of them of high mental culture, yielded so far to this impulse as to cast in their lot for ever with the natives of New Zealand. Not a few of them were Frenchmen, and, indeed, the French seem to have a remarkable power of adopting the habits of savage tribes. Whatever the nationality of these men, they were all known as Pakeha Maories. They were incorporated with the tribes, and intermarried with the dusky daughters of the land. A mixed race, two thousand in number, "iron-jointed, supple-sinewed," have sprung from these intermarriages. These half-castes are not highly spoken of; they are said to inherit the vices of both races, the virtues of neither. A few of them have been educated; the rest differ only in complexion from their mothers' tribes. It is a significant fact that they not only fought against us during the late war, but were guilty of more sanguinary deeds than the natives of unmixed descent. It is the same everywhere; in India, in America, in the West Indies,—wherever there is an admixture of races the offspring deteriorates.

Every leading chief took care to have his Pakeha Maori, and to treat him well; he might have any piece of land he chose to select, for land was of little value in those days. A friend of ours bought 20,000 acres for a bullock; the possessor of a musket might exchange it for an estate larger than any English demesne. It is different now; the Maori knows the value of his land, and refuses to part with a single acre; but a quarter of a century ago it was worth nothing to him, and very little to any one else. The Pakeha Maori then might choose the best piece of land belonging to the tribe, and erect a pa, or fortress, for the protection of his goods. He was the interpreter, the medium of intercourse between his tribe and the traders who visited the coast with articles intended for the native market. He restrained the demands of the extortionate, and watched over the interests of both. A curious trade was thus carried on between the trading vessels from Sydney and the Maori tribes. Every precaution was used to guard against a treacherous attack; every trading vessel when at anchor had boarding nettings up to the tops. All the crew were armed; every movement of the natives was watched; it was deemed unsafe to allow more than five of them to be on board at the same time. The Sydney trader required to have all his wits about him, to sleep with one eye open, and to sleep as little as possible. He might trust the Pakeha Maori, but the latter could not answer for

his tribe; they might be planning an attack at the moment when they seemed to be most friendly. He knew that the crews of many vessels had been killed and eaten; the same fate awaited his own if he were not constantly on his guard.

In truth, these Sydney traders were little better than the natives; they had no more regard for human life; they were reckless in shedding blood; in their hours of drunkenness they would fire upon the Maories without any cause. One of them being asked how the natives could best be civilised, grimly replied, "By sending a bullet through every mother's son of them." He was quite sincere; nor was he singular in his opinion. We never heard that any of them were cannibals, but they frequently countenanced cannibalism by lending the ships' coppers to boil the flesh which was to be devoured. They traded largely in preserved heads, and they cared little whether these heads were obtained from the living or the dead. At this period there was a great demand for tattooed heads—no museum of natural history was complete without one; the demand for them was great, and the supply was not always equal to the demand. The Sydney trader gave his order for heads as he would have done for any other article, and was not careful to inquire how they were obtained. He did not ask in what particular spot his bales of flax were grown; why should he be more particular regarding his heads? If the head was a good head, well tattooed, and well preserved, it mattered nothing to him whether it had been taken from a dead or a living body. A head was a head all the same. There is, indeed, a story told of one unscrupulous trader, who, struck with the pattern of a living head borne on the shoulders of a slave, bought it there and then of his owner, and deemed himself very ill-used when the slave took to his heels and refused to give up his head, as per agreement; but we have always deemed this story too pat to be true. At length the abuses connected with the "head trade" became so great that the governor of Sydney interfered, and prohibited it on the severest penalties. The incident which led to this prohibition is worthy of record, as it serves to illustrate the manners of the period. A Sydney trader happening to touch at a part of the coast where war was raging, bought for a mere song a whole sackful of heads in the finest condition; on reaching another part of the coast he sought to amuse the natives who came on board by emptying the sack of heads on the deck. They were the heads of their relations who had fallen in war; a cry of horror rose from their lips as they plunged into the sea. It was well for our skipper that a favourable breeze sprung up, or he would never have returned to tell the tale. His brutal humour had one good effect; it put a stop for ever to this revolting traffic.

As war was always going on among the different tribes, there was a constant demand for firearms and gunpowder. The Maori was shrewd enough to perceive that victory was ever on the side of the tribe that could bring most muskets into the field; he was prepared, therefore, to make any sacrifice to obtain an additional musket, and the Pakeha Maori was the medium of negotiation. He collected the flax that was prepared by the tribe, and sold it to the first trading vessel that visited the coast for what was deemed an equivalent supply of firearms and ammunition. A Pakeha Maori thus became invaluable to his tribe; without him its war-footing could not have been maintained, and its extermination would

have been certain. Hongi, a Maori chief who visited England about forty years ago, viewed all the proofs of our civilisation with savage indifference, but his eyes glistened with pleasure on seeing the collection of arms in the Tower. On touching at Sydney on his way home, he exchanged the numerous presents he had received in England for firearms, and waged war on his countrymen till he had reduced them to subjection. We have ridden over a field in the Waikato strewn with the bones of Hongi's victims.

The Pakeha Maori was valued in proportion to his usefulness. If he was an artisan or a trader, he could count on occupying a high place in the tribe, but if he could not work with his hands or his head, he stood no small chance of being eaten. The Maori is strictly utilitarian in his views; he wishes to turn everything to account. In proof of this, we may cite the case of two men who ran away from their ship: the one, a carpenter, made himself useful, and was highly valued by the natives; the other, an idle, good-for-nothing sailor, refused to work though he did not refuse to eat. After a time, the tribe held a *korero*, or solemn assembly, to decide what should be done with him; their decision was that he should be eaten, and he was eaten accordingly. The escaped convict or the runaway sailor had not always an easy time of it among the natives; it was understood that if he would not work, he should not eat, but be eaten.

Among the Pakeha Maories were gentlemen of birth and education—real *rangatiras*, as the natives called them—who had left Europe in disgust to bury themselves in the bush. On this subject, a medical officer who spent thirteen years in the island remarks:—"I have purchased a shilling's worth of peaches from a French exile of rank; have been asked by a brother-in-law of a former lord-lieutenant of Ireland to prescribe for a sick chief whom he styled with much bitterness his best friend; have met gentlemen who kept horses at Melton, brothers of colonial governors, men once well known in the Oxford High Street and the King's Parade, Cambridge; officers who have commanded battalions, priests without their gowns, sons of men living in Belgravia. In some of their huts well-fingered copies of Homer, Virgil, or Horace attested their intellectual capacity."

The Moa is extinct; the genuine Pakeha Maori will soon be the same. Civilisation has followed him into the dense bush; the snort of the steam-engine disturbs the solitude of the rivers on which his hut once stood; the axe is rapidly felling the huge Kauri trees which sheltered him from the mid-day sun. All things are changing: the Maori will soon be a Pakeha, and the Pakeha Maori will soon disappear. But he will not have lived in vain; he will leave his mark behind him. He prepared the field for the missionary; he gave the natives a taste for the productions of civilised life, and thus taught them habits of industry. He ventured to settle in the island when cannibalism was an established institution, when preserved heads formed a staple article of commerce, when war was the order of the day and he had to stand all its chances. There was no British flag to protect him; no court of equity to which he could appeal: he had to trust only to himself and his own resources, and yet he contrived to hold his own among the most lawless and warlike race in existence. Assuredly, the Pakeha Maori deserves a place in the future annals of New Zealand.

STREET SKETCHES.



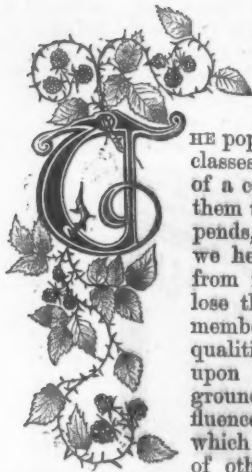
READING OF THE PERIOD.

"That crew of demireps, forgers, bigamists, pretty murderesses, and the ladies of equivocal reputation whom the British Paterfamilias admits so complacently into his drawing-room, provided they are wrapped up in the pages of fiction."—*Times*.

ON THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

BY ISABELLA M. S. TOD.

I.



THE popular axiom, that the middle classes are the substance and sinew of a country, and that it is upon them that its prosperity chiefly depends, is one of those truths which we hear so often repeated, that from familiarity they are apt to lose their force.* As a rule, the members of this class possess those qualities which are most valuable upon public as well as private grounds, and they exercise an influence upon the other classes which is already wider than that of others, and daily increasing.

Limiting the phrase "middle classes" to that portion of the community which is not only freed from manual labour, but possessed of somewhat of the taste, or somewhat of the means, to procure a share of the refinements of life, and which extends upwards till it touches the aristocratic classes, the axiom quoted is correct. Placed above the atmosphere of mingled suffering and recklessness which poverty creates, and below that of luxurious idleness and self-worship which surrounds great wealth, their very condition compels the exercise of many of the higher faculties of heart and mind, while it also gives them hopes and motives for that exercise. These advantages outweigh some special disadvantages, and both considerations make the education of these classes a matter of the utmost importance. These men and women must of necessity take part in the thousand activities of life, and are summoned to assume many and varied responsibilities. They must possess forethought, fortitude, self-control; they must learn and practise the lessons of practical wisdom, or they themselves and all around them inevitably suffer. Here there can be none of the ignorance which covers, or the extraneous charity and sympathy which compensate for the faults of the poor. Here there can be little of the ample substitutionary ability, which wealth and influence can always procure, to make up for many of its own shortcomings. Individual self-restraint, self-reliance, self-culture, are thus, if possible, more requisite in these classes than in any other.

It is, therefore, evident that the education of the young people of this influential portion of society ought to be of a very enlarged and solid character; and, as the first essential for this, that a true ideal ought to be kept in view. We may briefly define education to be the drawing out and strengthening of all the faculties which God has implanted in the soul. The acquirement of knowledge, most important as it is, is secondary to that development of mind which is obtained in the first place by means of that acquirement. But it is a fact, and one provocative of grave anxiety, that this primary truth is less fully understood by the middle class than by the higher for themselves, or even than by the other two on behalf of the lower. What is the real root of the

solicitude to obtain or maintain a good system of education for the humbler classes which is so manifest at present in all parts of the empire? It is not that the working man may be able to read his employer's directions, or that the working woman may keep the account of her little household expenses correctly. It goes far deeper. It is because the close connection now seen to exist between ignorance and pauperism and crime has forced the conviction on the minds of all, that the soul left without training *will* deteriorate, and that the teaching which it is wished to give is a most valuable element in that needful training. The ideal thus set before the public mind with reference to the poor is negative rather than positive. Yet in a rough way, real, though a little indistinct, it indicates the appreciation of something higher hidden in the meagre school-work, some valuable moral end to be served by means of the drudgery of spelling and sums. It seems strange that the very men who perceive the importance of instruction in this larger sense for the lower classes so very frequently overlook it altogether when thinking of their own sons and daughters. There a different range of motives comes in, and the matter is too near themselves to be always rightly judged. Some parents are destitute of any positive aim in the education of their children; they send them to school merely because it is the custom, but they have no notion of the necessity of anything more than the most rudimentary knowledge. A much larger number look only to the utilitarian aspect of the matter, and insist that both boys and girls shall learn only what in their opinion will be of "practical" use to them in after-life. Not one in a hundred has any clear idea of the true object of education, or of its worth, or of the best means of attaining it. And, as a necessary consequence of this indifference or misapprehension on the part of parents, the schools and other appliances for middle-class education but rarely rise above the low level thus required. This demand for the "practical" is in the case of boys chiefly shown by the requisition frequently made that their education shall be of a "commercial" character. Fortunately for the boys, however, the professions claim a kind of preparation which cannot be narrowed within these limits, and the approval thus stamped upon a more liberal line of instruction prevents the standard for all from falling too low. No such salutary compulsion exists in the case of girls; there is no point to be reached by any proportion of their number—no tests—no stimulus. Unsatisfactory, therefore, as the bulk of the middle-class schools for boys are, those for girls are more unsatisfactory still. So far as the majority of parents have any standard of results at all with respect to their daughters, it is only that their manners shall be pleasing, that they shall have such command of "accomplishments" as may please others, and that they shall have so much surface knowledge as may guard against a display of gross ignorance in society. This very vague and very slight programme is perfectly well known by the girls themselves to be all that is wished for, so that conscientious teachers (of whom there are many) find the inertia of the pupils added to the prejudices of the parents, as hindrances to success. This

* Stated by Dean Swift thus roughly:—"The top of the nation is all froth, and the bottom all dregs, for all the religion of the land is among the middle classes, and it is well, for while they remain uncorrupted, they may reform the higher and the lower."

plan of education also is considered to be "practical" as having respect to a girl's future life. It is hardly necessary to show that, in the case of both sexes, such a narrow and illiberal scheme of education defeats itself, for it ignores the very constitution of the mind upon which it is intended to act. The Schools Inquiry Commissioners,* after a most elaborate and careful investigation into the present state of middle-class education in England, write as follows:—"Much evidence has been laid before us tending to show that indifference and ignorance of the subject on the part of the parents are among the chief hindrances to education at present. Too often the parents seem hardly to care for education at all. Too often they give an inordinate value to mere show. Too often they think no education worth having that cannot be speedily turned into money. In fact, many parents need education themselves in order to appreciate education for their children, and their present opinion cannot be considered as final and supreme."

An examination of the reports and evidence upon which this statement is founded, shows that the poor end presented to the instructors of girls has borne its natural fruit, in causing the great influence of mothers to be used unwisely with regard to the intellectual progress of all their children. Knowing that society has not expected much from themselves, and being taught to set no higher value upon education than to supply what is needful to pass muster in society, these ladies consider mental labour as wholly unnecessary in either sons or daughters, and passively, if not actively, discourage all risings of wholesome ambition in either. The fault is not theirs in the first place, but the results are deplorable. One of the assistant-commissioners, Mr. Bryce, truly says:—

"All reform in education should be comprehensive, for the sake of boys as well as girls. The chief cause of every defect is to be found in the indifference of the vast majority of parents, especially of the commercial class, to any education whose direct pecuniary value they do not see. Such indifference is itself the result of a dull and material view of life, of an absence of interest in literature and science, in social and political questions. This is an evil which improvements in female education could not but do much to correct. In a mercantile community only the women have leisure. So far, therefore, from acquiescing in the mental inferiority of women as the normal state of things, it is really by the female part of such a community that one might expect to see its mental tone maintained; it is there that one would look to find a keener relish for literature and art, a livelier intellectual activity, a more perfect intellectual refinement. To the want of such intellectual interests, and to the dulness of mind which springs from that want, the present defects in our education are mainly due; as it is this very want, this dulness, which a better education is needed to cure and remove."

We feel inclined to cry out with Wordsworth:—

"Oh! better wrong and strife
(By nature transient) than this torpid life,
Life which the very stars reprove,
As on their silent tasks they move!"

Even those, therefore, to whom the advancement

of women for their own sakes is a matter of profound indifference, ought to be roused to help them by the consideration that nothing else can secure the advancement of the best interests of men. We fully concur with Mr. Hare in adopting the opinion of a governor of Christ Church Hospital, "that if only one of the parents of a child could be sensible and well-educated, it would be most for the public good that it should be the mother."

At present, while cordially acknowledging the untiring though unrewarded efforts which are being made by many thoughtful teachers, both men and women, the impression left upon the mind by an examination into the state of middle-class schools is very painful. Want of high aims,—generally want of clear aims of any kind,—a narrow course of instruction, made even less interesting than it might be, superficiality in many cases, unsuitable methods, both of organisation and teaching, and general poverty of results, mark the larger number of them. One assistant-commissioner observes that "cases of honest incompetence and successful charlatanism alternate with good and solid work done under such disadvantages that it is only half-done after all." Another says: "The state of the private academies, though not wholly without hopeful features, is lamentably unsatisfactory." And a clergyman who has taken a deep interest in the matter, warmly declares, when comparing these schools with the state-aided schools for the poor, that "it will never do to leave middle-class education to private adventure." Ludicrous cases sometimes occur of men filling the office of teacher who were utterly unfit for it, but without the faintest suspicion of their own incapacity. We are told of the master of one private school, who had a diploma of PH.D. from the University of "Weissnichtwo," framed and hung up conspicuously, but a little conversation revealed his total ignorance of Latin grammar, and of the facts of history, and indeed of all that he should have known. Yet he had the assurance to inform his questioner that he obtained the diploma after a severe examination, and that "their standard is remarkably high at 'Weissnichtwo.'" In another school the visitor found the master, a man of some pretensions, styling himself warden, teaching Latin, of which it was quite evident he knew nothing beyond his text-book. Being asked his opinion on various points, it was given with the unhesitating self-satisfaction of a fool. "He thinks it well to work all subjects with catechisms, 'it improves the memory and brings out the principal parts.' Does not press the boys with the words of the book, however; asks them to say what the book tells them, 'this learns them to collect matter.' In Greek, does not consider it makes any difference which tragedian boys read, 'they are all very much alike.' In history the most important things are the marriages of sovereigns, and dates of battles, and of the beginnings and endings of reigns. Never says anything about the state of society, or the principles of the British Constitution, or all that sort of thing.' Would teach mediæval history, considers it very valuable. 'The history of the Italian republics about the year 1700 is particularly interesting.' Mangnall's Questions is a good book, especially for ladies' schools, 'it does not go quite deep enough into subjects for us.'" This was a very prosperous school! But how could it have prospered if the parents of the boys had had any real knowledge of what their sons' teaching

* Lords Taunton, Stanley, and Lyttleton; Sir Stafford Northcote, the Dean of Chichester, Dr. Temple, Head-Master of Rugby; Mr. Forster, President of the Privy Council Committee on Education; and Messrs. Thorold, Acland, Baines, Erle, and Storror.

ought to be, or inquired with due care how it was conducted?*

In every separate grade of schools, from the most fashionable and expensive, down to those which are but little above the State-aided schools, those for girls are distinctly worse, educationally considered, than those for boys of the same grade. The Commissioners say:—

"The general deficiency in girls' education is stated with the utmost confidence, and with entire agreement, by many witnesses of authority. Want of thoroughness and foundation; want of system; slovenliness and showy superficiality; inattention to rudiments; undue time given to accomplishments, and these not taught intelligently or in any scientific manner; want of organisation; these may sufficiently indicate the character of the complaints we have received, in their more general aspect."

This indictment sums up the heads of the charges which have long been preferred by thoughtful women against the majority of girls' schools. The ideal of education set before them is a false one; the aims being wrong, the methods are also wrong; and the indifference of the parents as to the progress of the girls in serious studies takes away all motive for energy and spirit. This unfortunate state of things tends to perpetuate itself, for women trained under such a system will seldom be able to inaugurate anything better when they become teachers. There are even a larger proportion of lady-teachers than of masters who are labouring most conscientiously and earnestly in their vocation, with a view to the formation of the moral character of their pupils, and who, if they had but the opportunity of learning a better mode of mental training also, would eagerly adapt themselves to it. No doubt, although there is but little of that pretentious assumption which covers conscious unfitness, there is a great deal too much of well-meaning ignorance and weakness. A lady who does not herself know the value of mental discipline is hardly likely to conduct her classes, or have them conducted, in a way to be of any permanent use to her pupils. If she has a lurking idea that nothing but accomplishments will affect their after-life in any way, the school-work is sure to be ill-arranged, flimsy, and utterly uninteresting. To see the young minds about her standing still, their thoughts as poor, as inaccurate, as narrow, as easily diverted, as wanting in firmness or purpose, at the end of their school-course as at the beginning, will be no pain to her, provided that the artificially-polished manners, and mechanical brilliancy of accomplishments, satisfy the parents' wishes. It is they, however, who are in fault. If a larger number of fathers and mothers had some just and enlarged idea of what they owe to their daughters, it would soon become easy to supply an education worthy of the name. As it is, every earnest teacher finds herself thwarted in her endeavours, both by the direct interference of parents, and still more by the depressing influence upon the girls of the atmosphere of apathy, or even suspicion of study on their part, which surrounds them at home. One lady says, "If a girl begins to get interested in the school-work, and is seen in the evening busy over her theme, her mother comes to me, and says, 'Now, Miss —, you must not make Augusta a blue.' If I report that another does not try to

improve herself in arithmetic, the mother says, 'Well, you know, I am anxious about her music, of course; but it really doesn't matter about her arithmetic, does it? Her husband will be able to do all her accounts for her, you know.' They fill their children's minds with the notion that their education is not to be of any use to them, and that they need not care whether or not they profit by it, so long as they possess those showy qualities which are supposed to command the admiration of the other sex." Another remarks that she never heard a parent express the least anxiety for a girl's improvement in any subject whatever except n. asic. The mothers, having themselves been educated under this wretched *régime*, are not so blameworthy as the fathers, at least whenever the latter have had the opportunities which many have of knowing the value of a full and judicious training in developing the mind. But even their sincere affection for their daughters is not often a sufficiently strong motive to overcome the dislike with which average men regard any decided effort to make girls stronger as well as finer characters. In the caustic language of Mr. Bryce, "Although the world has now existed for several thousand years, the notion that women have minds as cultivable and as well worth cultivating as men's minds is still regarded by the ordinary British parent as an offensive, not to say revolutionary, paradox. . . . It is not to refinement or modesty that a cultivated intelligence is opposed, but to vapidity and languor and vulgarity of mind, to the love of gossip and the love of dress."

Hence the importance of pressing upon parents the duty of a careful consideration of their daughters' real needs, of the kind of character—complete and good—which they should desire to see exemplified in them, and of the requisite means to form such a character. Hence the necessity of inducing them to look around them and see how various are the situations in which women may be placed, how various the demands which may be made upon their powers, and deduce from thence the inference that a wise affection requires that their girls shall have a training which shall fit them for comprehensive thought, judicious choice, prompt and resolute action.

While thus urging the claims of girls to an education larger in its scope, and stronger and surer in its working, we are haunted by the recollection of one notion which we are aware is pretty constantly present to the minds of many parents, whether they give expression to it or not. They look forward to *all* their daughters marrying, and *all* these marriages being satisfactory, and the husbands being *always* able and willing to take the active management of everything; neither death, nor illness, nor untoward circumstances occurring to throw the wives on their own resources. When put before them they must acknowledge that such is not a true picture of life. We shall not stop to discuss whether such a state of things is even desirable. It is sufficient to point out that it does not and cannot exist. Yet they cling to it, and will not prepare their girls for anything else. To have such appearance, manners, and acquirements as will be pleasing to themselves in the meantime, and by attracting admiration may facilitate their marrying, is the unavowed object, the sole object, which too many seek for their girls. Though unavowed, it is betrayed in every look and action. The girl knows it, and acts upon it too. Can anything be imagined more likely to lower the tone of her whole nature?

* Sometimes the parents are vigilant enough in the wrong direction, like one who wrote to the head-master of the school his boy was at, "I desire that Tom shall learn neither geometry, geology, nor geography!"

The finer feelings, the moral dignity, which the parents desire also to see cultivated, thus receive a heavy blow from their own hands. No doubt many would repudiate such ideas, and no doubt many who entertain them do not suppose that such unfortunate consequences flow from them. But the plain truth is, that *here lies the great obstacle* to the improvement of the education of women. So long as parents look upon marriage as the only vocation in life for their daughters—and look upon it, too, not as a sphere for wise, energetic, and widely-influential action, but merely as a condition of protected and petted pupillage—so long they will educate them, not as rational and accountable human beings, but as graceful and amiable simpletons. They should remember that they cannot, with a wish, obtain for those so dear to them exactly the situation in life which they suppose to be most desirable. It is, then, short-sighted and absurd to fit them for no other; nay, it is even cruel. However they may be situated, sorrow will certainly visit them at some point of their lives; danger, disaster, hardship may; and the sweet helplessness which looks so lovely now will embitter every anxiety and intensify every hardship. Surely they cannot fear that a woman would become less tender-hearted if she were able to think and act for herself, or less graceful if her mind were cultivated and matured, or that trouble will come the sooner because she is somewhat strengthened to meet it.

If it were possible to persuade parents, first, that a woman can be quite as happy, as useful, as much honoured, when filling the place which her tastes, talents, and circumstances have led her to, unmarried as married—next, that a wise indifference on the subject, by discouraging her from entering on such a union for any other reason than sincere affection, would greatly conduce to her welfare and dignity—and last, that for marriage itself, as well as for all other occupations, the best preparative is a thoroughly sound, well-trained, and well-exercised mind—the battle would be gained. All other opposition would then be powerless to prevent the immediate elevation of thousands of the best and truest women in the land. And the good effect would be felt in righting much that is wrong in other departments of society. The sorely-perplexing problem of the condition of the poor lies within the province of these women; much good they do even now—true hearts supplying the place of clear heads—high principle giving some light even amidst great ignorance of facts and circumstances—earnest kindness partly making up for want of power and ability. But what might be the result, when heart and head work together, when effective action could follow the sympathising investigation, and when the advice given would be trusted and respected, as coming from those who *know* as well as feel! To the very core of the body politic, to the farthest extremities of darkness and ignorance—new life would thrill, quickening, brightening, purifying all. The one essential element, without which reforms of teaching—power of methods, of subjects, of tests, and all else, can be of no avail, is that these young girls shall be looked upon as human beings with a great unknown part to play in life—God's subjects, with the talents which he gave them, and to be prepared for the work to which he may call them, *not* as colourless, characterless things, of no value, till placed in some relationship to others of their fellow-creatures. The old story of the German princess who,

when asked what her daughter's religion was, replied that she had none at present, until it was known what her future husband's religion might be, is hardly a caricature of the notions respecting a girl's training which prevail in some quarters. Common sense rebels against such a theory; for it sees that these gentle creatures, shut out (for the present) from both joy and sorrow, and ignorant of the world they live in, have not only hearts that feel but minds that think; and that, permitted or not, trained or not, supplied with good material or not, this thinking will go on and cannot be stopped. Justice revolts against it also: so much help given to the strong, and careful avoidance of all bracing and support to the weak, so much wealth poured at the feet of the rich, and such elaborate prevention of the possibility of gain to the poor, is inconsistent with its most elementary principles. But the Christian has a graver objection to such a rule of conduct. He knows that every talent, and not only all the ability which is apparent, but all that might be developed in any human soul, is a direct gift from God; that its possessor is a steward who will have to give account; and that each is appointed a certain place and work in the world, no two quite alike. To stint the growth of these faculties, to neglect or check these talents, to leave souls entrusted to their care unready for the business to which they may be called, is a dereliction of duty from which surely enlightened consciences would shrink with alarm. Looked at in this solemn light, this true light, the light of Eternity, how vain seem the opinions which would make the passing ties of earth the measure for the nurture of an undying spirit! The fine and complex organisation of heart and soul is indeed adapted to many thoughts, many cares, many lines of action; it is a harp attuned to many harmonies—the beauty of earth as well as heaven may thrill its chords. But the higher must assert its supremacy, the greater must never be measured by the less; and in guiding the soul and providing it with materials for fulfilling its high destiny, almost awful is the responsibility of directing it into the right path, and supplying it with what alone is worthy.

"The immortal mind craves objects that endure!"

LONDON FIRES.

We extract from the columns of the "Times" an interesting summary of the statistics of London fires. It is in the form of a notice of a volume by Captain Shaw, Superintendent of the London Fire-Engine Establishment. This establishment, originally formed by the united action of ten insurance companies, commenced its operations on the 1st of January, 1833. It ceased to exist on the 31st of December, 1865, when the staff, plant, and engines were given over to the Metropolitan Board of Works to form the present Metropolitan Fire Brigade. Prior to the transfer, and as a parting gift to his employers, the companies, Captain Shaw had prepared a series of tables, in which he exhibited, in almost every possible form, the results of the 33 years' experience of the old institution, so far, at least, as that experience had been recorded. At that time, no statistics of fires existed; and insurance companies had either been working wholly in the dark, or, at best, on the basis of an annual balance of profit or loss; while insurers

had no means whatever of forming a judgment about the reasonableness of the terms they were called upon to pay.

The tables amount, in all, to 111 in number; but only a few of them can be said to possess any features of general interest. We may pass over the first, which contains a list of the companies by which the establishment was formed, and from time to time supported. The second gives a detailed account of the cost of maintenance, which rose from £7,988 in 1833, to £26,005 in 1865; and which has amounted in all to £530,545. The third table exhibits the whole of the fires for each year, and for the 33 years, divided into cases of serious and cases of slight damage, and classified according to trades. The total number is 29,069. It must be borne in mind that this total is much less than that which would be obtained from the books of insurance companies. At the engine establishment a fire has counted as a fire. With the companies a loss counts as a fire; and one fire may occasion a hundred losses. A fire occurring in the centre of a dense block of houses may spread in all directions. The neighbouring houses may all be damaged, and may all be insured, some of them in two or three or more companies. But the whole disaster would appear, in the tables before us, as one fire, and would be referred, for statistical purposes, to the place in which it originated.

The "classification according to trades," or, rather, according to the uses to which the buildings were applied, is necessarily somewhat obscure. The 29,069 fires are arranged under 343 heads; some of which are vague, and a few unintelligible. For this Captain Shaw is not responsible; since, when he could not amend the original entry by any official record, he has simply copied it. Of late years great care has been taken to describe trades with accuracy, and some of the old entries disappear after certain dates.

The fires in houses in private occupation were much more numerous than any other class, and amounted to 7,321. Next come those in lodgings, numbering 2,827; so that the two together made up nearly 35 per cent. of the total number. Besides these, there are three other entries, each exceeding one thousand. Fires in premises occupied by "victuallers" are set down at 1,325; in premises occupied by "carpenters and workers in wood, not being cabinet-makers," at 1,164; and in "sale shops and offices" (an entry that was discontinued in 1864) at 1,187. For four kinds of occupation the numbers range between 1,000 and 500. "Linen and woollen drapers and mercers" are answerable for 780 fires, "cabinet-makers" for 553, "stables" for 547, and "bakers" for 533. Of numbers between 500 and 300 there are nine entries. "Booksellers, binders, and stationers" head the list with 442, and are followed by "chandlers" with 430, "oil and colourmen" with 422, "grocers" with 396, "tailors" with 344, "brokers and dealers in old clothes" with 328, "coffeehouse-keepers" with 314, "buildings under repair" with 312, and "tinmen, braziers, and smiths" with 304. Twenty-eight entries range from 300 to 100; and only a few of these require special notice. "Lucifer-match makers" stand at 128, "beer-shop-keepers" at 294, "unoccupied houses" at 182, and "eating-houses" at 178. It may serve as a new topic for lecturers on total abstinence if we mention that the fires arising in hotels, clubhouses, beershops, and all the other places in which we may assume

that intoxicating drinks were sold and consumed, amounted to 2,426, or more than 8 per cent. of the whole number. Of numbers below 100 there are 297 entries, of which 64 are single. Among these lower numbers we find many of the trades that are commonly reputed to be dangerous. "Distillers" are credited with 59 fires; "naphtha distillers" with 5; "turpentine distillers" with 8; "tar distillers" with 42; "firework makers" with 86; "gunpowder dealers" with 1 only; "hay and straw salesmen" with 16; and "naphtha manufacturers" with 4. Curiously enough, a fire occurred, in 1838, on the premises of the "Fire Preventive Company;" and another, in 1852, at the "Fire Annihilator Manufactory."

It is manifest, of course, that the figures quoted above do not represent the risks incidental to various trades. In order that they should do so, it would first be necessary to ascertain in what number of premises each trade was carried on. For instance, there were 533 fires in the establishments of bakers and 553 in those of cabinet-makers. The apparent equality of risk is at once destroyed when we consider the different numerical strength of the respective trades. In the "Post-Office Directory" for the present year we find 2,213 bakers and only 716 cabinet-makers; so that the risks of the latter are somewhere about three times as great as those of the former. The business of lucifer-match making, again, which is reputed to be dangerous, was hardly established when these records were commenced; but during the five years last included in them the fires at lucifer-match factories amounted to 30, and those at bakeries to 99. The "Directory" contains the names of only 20 lucifer-match makers, and this fact alters the relative dangers of the two occupations in a very material degree. The 30 fires are found to represent a risk more than 112 times as great as that represented by the 99.

The fourth table exhibits the alleged causes of fires. These are arranged under 530 heads, of which some are of regular, some of occasional recurrence. Among the former, in the order of their frequency, we find the cause "unknown" in 9,557 instances. Next comes "candle" in 3,218, and next "curtains" in 2,822. It seems probable that candles and curtains must have been associated causes in many of these instances, and the entry "curtains" is made only twice in 1862, and disappears entirely in the three subsequent years. Fourth in order stands "gas," which, under several subdivisions, accounts for 2,225 fires. "Foul flue" is made answerable for 1,946, "defect in flue" for 301, and "flue blocked up" for 153—making a total of 2,400. "Spark from fire" is recorded 1,255 times; and, after this, the numbers fall abruptly. "Children playing with fire" comes next in order, with the number 471; then "smoking tobacco," with 406; then "lucifers," with 307; then "stove," with 297; "hot ashes," with 259; "intoxication," with 155; "fire on hearth," with 141; and "incendiarism," with 133. The "doubtful" cases—that is to say, cases of doubtful or suspected incendiarism—amount to 190. "Carelessness" is an entry vague in one sense, but which represents a tolerably constant quantity in human affairs. It was first recorded as a cause of fire in 1841, and ceased to be recorded, save in a single instance, in 1860. In the 20 years it was set down 106 times. In the earlier books of the establishment fires arising from any kind of trade opera-

tions were ascribed to "trade;" and 1,132 are so recorded between 1833 and 1847. But in 1844 such fires began to be more exactly classified; and, after 1847, the word "trade" was altogether discontinued. Some of the assigned causes are hard to understand. Among these may be mentioned "broken windows," "defect in wall," "easing stop-cock," "ink boiling over," "mistake of exciseman," "old age," "thawing water-pipes," and "high tide." The broad back of the domestic cat bears the burden of 34 fires. "Reading in bed" accounts for another 34; and "sewing in bed" for three; while seven are attributed to "cigar thrown down area."

It appears from these figures that many of the agencies to which, in common belief, fires are supposed to be most frequently due, play really a very insignificant part in their production. Lucifer-matches, for example, would be thought likely to occasion a large proportion of them. They first appear in the record in the year 1839; and some subsidiary entries, such as "children playing with lucifers" (95 cases), "rats gnawing matches," and the like, together with 20 fires from fuses, raise the number, 307, already quoted, to 425. Deducting the 3,044 fires that were recorded before 1839, those caused by lucifers amount to a little more than 1½ per cent. of the whole. Paraffin and petroleum, again, are first mentioned in 1859. They are said to have occasioned, in all ways, 24 fires out of 9,024, or a fraction more than a quarter per cent., while "smoking tobacco" is answerable for six times that proportion. In short, deducting the causes that are unknown, it appears from the records that a very large proportion of fires may be directly traced to some miscarriage of the ordinary domestic arrangements for warming, cooking, and lighting.

We come next to a series of 101 tables, containing hourly, daily, weekly, and monthly summaries of fires for each year of the 33 and for the 33 years together. With regard to hours, it appears that the smallest number of fires occurs during the seventh hour A.M.; the largest number during the tenth hour P.M.; and the mean at 6 P.M., and between the third and fourth hour A.M. The difference is very considerable, ranging from a minimum of 540, through a mean of 1,211, to a maximum of 2,549. For the hours from 5 A.M. to 5 P.M. there is little difference; the ascent from 6 to 10 P.M. is very rapid; and the descent from 10 P.M. to midnight is equally so. Why there should be five times as many fires at 10 o'clock at night as at 7 in the morning it is difficult to conjecture; but the fact is of great importance in regulating the hours of duty of the men of the Fire Brigade, who all return from ordinary leave of absence at 10 o'clock. With regard to days the variation is very small, ranging from a maximum of 4,252 fires on Tuesdays, through a mean of 4,153, to a minimum of 4,013 on Fridays. It has long been an article of popular belief that an unusually large number of fires happen on Sunday, but this belief is now shown to be unfounded. The Sunday number is 4,150, or three fires below the daily mean. The weekly number averages 559; reaching its maximum of 649 in the 51st week, and its minimum of 480 in the 42nd. The fluctuations are not large, but they are often abrupt, and difficult to understand. Thus a sudden ascent above the average is followed by an equally sudden fall below it. The figures rise from 523 in the 44th week to 632 in the 45th; and fall again, through 591 and 543, to 514 in the 48th. The

influence of season is best shown by the months; but the difference produced is less than would be commonly expected. The heat of summer renders all buildings more combustible; the cold of winter increases the sources of combustion. The maximum, 2,764, occurred in December; August follows with 2,555; and then comes January, with 2,551. At the other end of the scale are the months most removed from extremes of temperature. The minimum number, 2,225, occurred in October, and the next smallest, 2,235, in April.

Among the few remaining tables there is one containing a list of twelve officers and men of the establishment, including the late Mr. Braidwood, who have been killed on duty. We learn from the preface that about 1,300 have been injured, but of their cases Captain Shaw has not been able to obtain particulars.

It is reasonable to expect that the publication of these invaluable records will serve to call general attention to the subject of fire risks and of fire insurance. To take the most ordinary case, the insurance of a private dwelling-house, it seems manifest that the common premium of eighteenpence per cent. is much more than ought to be demanded or paid. Without allowing for office expenses, it would cover the annual total destruction of one house in every 1,333. In the first place, however, total destruction is very rare, and, of the 7,321 private houses burnt in 33 years, 6,132 were "slightly" and only 1,189 were "seriously" damaged. Again, 7,321 houses in 33 years give an annual average of 222; but the inhabited houses in London may be roughly estimated at about 600,000, and even the total destruction of 222 annually would be only one in 2,703. If we estimate the 1,189 serious cases as "total," and the 6,132 at 25 per cent. all round, we obtain what is equivalent to the annual total destruction of one house in 7,272. If this estimate be anywhere near the truth, it is plain that either insurance companies must make an enormous profit on private houses (possibly as a necessary set-off against losses on other risks), or that they must expend vast sums upon offices, or in obtaining business. Of course they are entitled to some benefit from the possibility, already noticed, that any fire may reach and consume adjacent dwelling-houses that do not appear in these records, and we trust that the reports of the Metropolitan Brigade will, in course of time, furnish data by which this additional source of risk may be estimated at its proper value.

The insurance companies are still heavily taxed (to the extent of £35 per million on their annual insurances) for the support of the Fire Brigade, and it may fairly be questioned whether this tax should be permitted to continue. The stream from a fire-engine deluges alike the insured and the uninsured; and the tax is paid by insurers for the purpose of putting out fires in the houses of those who are less provident than themselves, and who should surely be made to pay in their own persons. The amount of uninsured property in London is enormous, and the cost of protecting it must add perceptibly to the premiums charged to insurers. It may fairly be argued that the extinction of fire is a municipal function, proper to be undertaken by the general body of the inhabitants, and in no way the special duty of commercial companies, whose business it is to estimate the money value of certain risks in which they engage. It would be a great advance upon the pre-

sent system if these risks were calculated for a locality, or for a town, instead of, as now, for particular occupations and forms of structure. A good municipal government, including the maintenance of an efficient fire brigade, and the enforcement of proper regulations for the conduct of dangerous trades, would then lower the cost of insurance over the whole of its jurisdiction, and would thus give practical evidence of its value to the governed.

Without further dwelling upon the possibilities of the future, we may proceed to give all insurers, and all who intend to insure, a valuable practical hint for the present. Before they pay premiums, they should study the terms of the contract offered to them by the company, and should know precisely what they are going to pay for. Policies are worded in various ways; and a certain proportion of them contain clauses by which the companies who issue them could, if they were so minded, escape from all responsibility. A policy is a legal document; and the claims arising under it lie strictly within its four corners. It is worth the while of every man who is not his own lawyer to submit such a document to careful scrutiny, and to obtain the opinion of a solicitor upon its conditions, before he feels satisfied that, in case of fire, it will hold him harmless from pecuniary loss.

The Angel in the Flame.

BY A WORKING MAN.

At life's noisy anvil toiling
Should your pulses beat too high,
Do not mind a little broiling,
Rest shall yours be by-and-by;
If with brawn of arm you're striking,
Or with sweat of brain are worn,
Things may not be to your liking,
But they'll mend not if you mourn.
Oh faint not in the noble strife,
To fashion well your place or name,
In every upward glow of life
There is an angel in the flame!

If no flagging arms are folded
At the forge of high desire,
Some bright thought may yet be moulded
Taken from undying fire;
Or some deed of light be branded
By the burning force you feel,
That shall make you mighty-handed
To achieve a nobler weal.
Oh faint not, etc.

Though should nightly glooms be lurking
O'er the threshold of your aims,
Eyes beyond still watch your working,
Hearts around still own your claims;
Falter not then at the blunders
That befall for want of light,
You shall yet accomplish wonders
If you smite for truth and right.
Oh faint not, etc.

Lofty efforts!—keep them turning,
Till such weapons you have made
As shall bring immortal earning
When your sturdy strokes are stayed;
Strong endeavours!—keep them ringing
Till life's fervent work is done,
Then shall you sit down with singing
Over more than conquest won.
Oh faint not in the noble strife,
To fashion well your place or name,
In every upward glow of life
There is an angel in the flame!

S. J. T.

Varieties.

STATE OF THE SUN.—It has been known for some time that during a total eclipse red flames were seen to play about the edge of the moon. During the eclipses of 1868 and 1869, it was definitely settled that they are entirely disconnected from the moon, and were vast tongues of fire darting out from the sun's disc. By observations with the spectroscope, and also by means of the wonderful photographs of the sun taken by De la Rue during the eclipse of 1860, it was discovered that these fire mountains consisted mainly of burning hydrogen gas. This was precious information to secure in the midst of the excitement and novelty, and in the brief duration of a total eclipse. It did not, however, satisfy scientific men. For two years Mr. Lockyer, aided by a grant from Parliament to construct a superior instrument, had been experimenting and searching in order to detect these flames at other times than at the rare occurrence of a total eclipse. On the 20th of October, 1868, he obtained a distinct image of one of the prominences, which he afterwards traced entirely around the sun. Astronomers can, therefore, now study these flames at any time. The results of observations now being taken show that storms rage upon the sun with a violence of which we can form no conception. Hurricanes sweep over its surface with terrific violence. Vast cyclones wrap its fires into whirlpools, at the bottom of which our earth could lie like a boulder in a volcano. Huge flames dart out to enormous distances, and fly over the sun with a speed greater than that of the earth itself through space. At one time a cone of fire shot out 80,000 miles, and then died away all in ten minutes' time. Beside such awful convulsions, the mimic display of a terrestrial volcano or earthquake sinks into insignificance.—*Professor J. D. Steel, U.S.*

BEER.—The consumption of beer has, of late years, increased at an extraordinary rate. Powerful interests have concurred in promoting it—the landed interest, the farming interest, the malting interest, the brewing interest, the Government (because of the immense revenue which it produces), and the great army of beersellers. Though bad times may have temporarily affected the consumption, it has rapidly recovered itself, and again advanced at a greatly more rapid rate than either population or wages. Thus, during the last fifteen years, while the consumption of spirits has remained almost stationary in England and Ireland, and in Scotland has even shown a considerable decrease, the increase in the consumption of malt used in the making of beer consumed in England has been equal to about fifteen millions of bushels, representing an increased annual consumption of upwards of two hundred million gallons of beer.—*Companion to the British Almanack, 1870.*

RESPONSIBILITY OF ENGLAND.—Only think of what a responsibility a Christian people takes upon itself when it settles in distant parts of the earth. Look at the responsibility of England in undertaking to administer that vast peninsula of Hindostan! We are, as a people, responsible to Almighty God for the good government of the millions of men who throng that great extent of country. If we neglect that duty what can we possibly expect but that the righteous government of God will make our assuming that responsibility, and neglecting the duties arising under it, a cause of plague to us at home! Surely that shock to our Indian empire a few years ago was one of the notices, as it were, from the mighty Master that we will have to quit our place unless we do our duty better to those committed to us there.—*Bishop Wilberforce.*

WHITAKER'S ALMANACK FOR 1870.—It must be gratifying to the enterprising publisher of this almanack to obtain the following testimony from across the Atlantic: "We have had occasion almost every day during the past year to refer to 'Whitaker's Almanack' to obtain or verify information, and have found it invariably accurate. Comparing the volume for 1870 with that for 1869, we find all the good features retained and many new ones added. Any one desiring to know 'who's who' in the British Empire can ascertain it from these pages. There is an excellent Parliamentary Summary for 1869, which includes a history of the action, step by step, as regards the Irish Church. Particulars respecting the British colonies are given in full, and the statistics of foreign countries are also given at considerable length. Those of the United States have been revised, as we know, by the best official authority in Washington. There is also a capital index. A short time ago such a mass of information as this, printed as an ordinary octavo, would have been fairly priced at a guinea, but now, with the typography remarkably clear, and the page reduced to a portable size, it is sold for a British shilling. There never before has been such a shilling's worth as this.—*American Literary Gazette and Publisher's Circular.*

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The Right Rev. Dr. RYAN, late BISHOP OF MAURITIUS; the Rev. DONALD FRASER, of Marylebone Presbyterian Church; the Rev. GORDON CALTHROP, Vicar of St. Augustine's, Highbury New Park; the Rev. CHARLES VINCE, of Birmingham; and the Rev. J. MACKENZIE, of the London Missionary Society, from Africa, will be among the speakers.

The Anniversary Sermons will be preached on the morning of Sunday, the 8th of May, by the Rev. DANIEL WILSON, M.A., Vicar of Islington, at the Parish Church, and by the Rev. Dr. SROUGHTON, at the Congregational Church, Phillimore Terrace, Kensington: the Services to commence at eleven o'clock.

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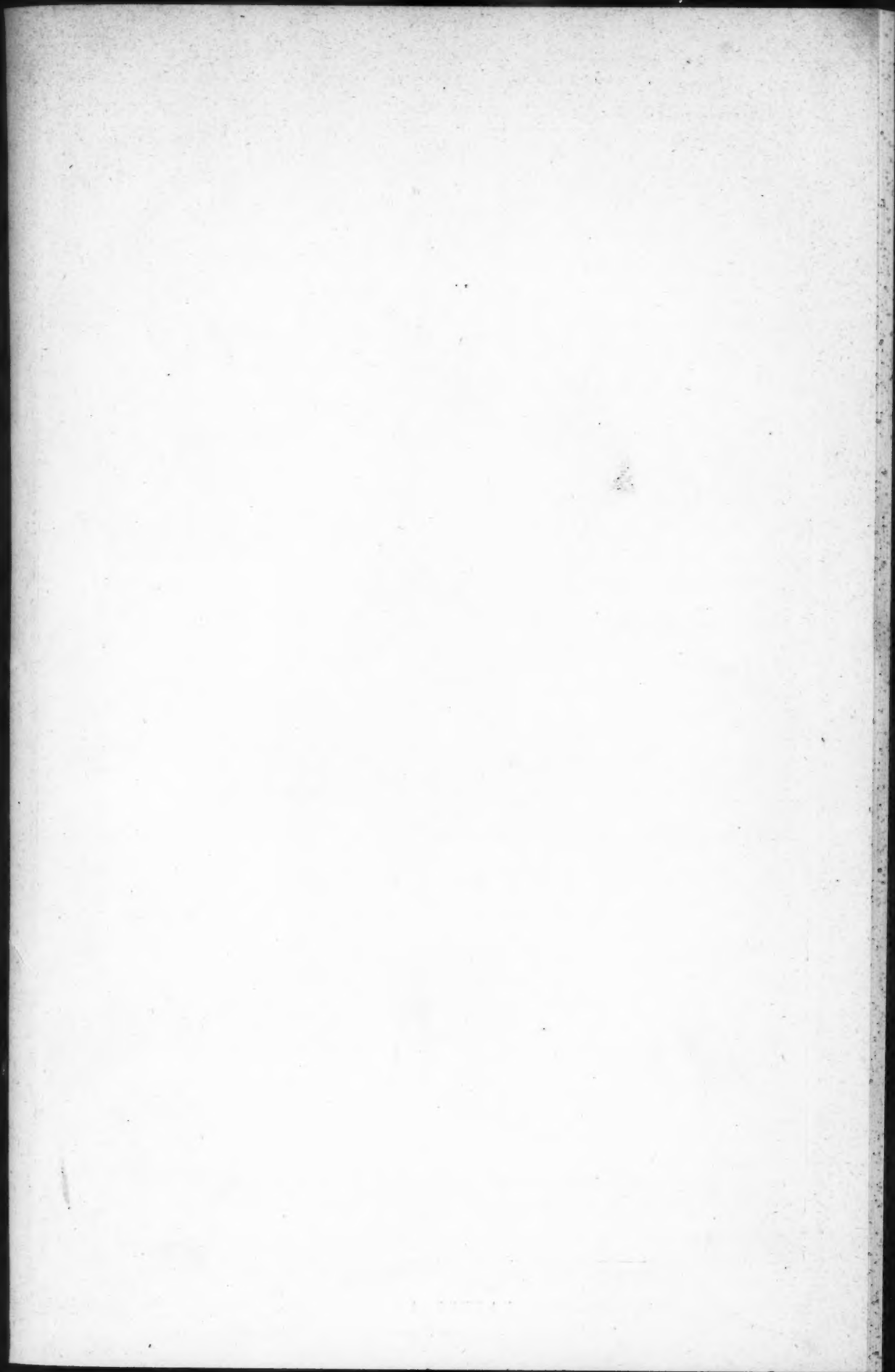
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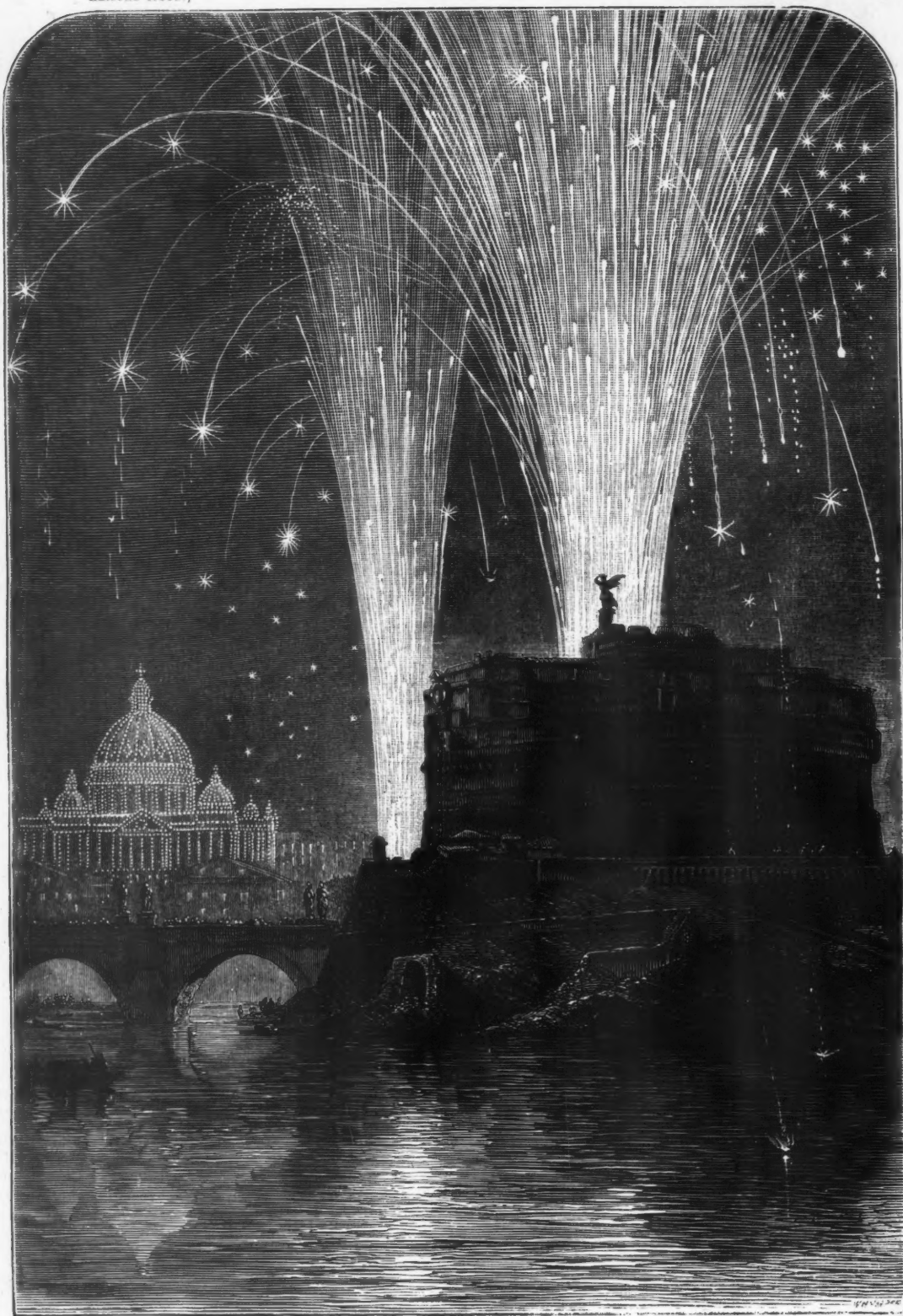
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